Of old *Andronicus*. And wha
His sorrowes haue so ouerwh
Shall we be thus afflicted in hi
His fits, his frenzie, and his bi
And now he writes to heauen
See heeres to *Ioue*, and this to
This to *Apollo*, this to the God
Sweet scrowles to flie about th
Whats this but Libelling agai
And blazoning our vniustice
A goodly humour, is it not my
As who would say, in Rome n
But if I liue, his fained extasies
Shall be no shelter to these out
But he and his shall know that
In *Saturninus* health, whome i
Heele so awake, as he in fury s
Cut off the proud'st conspirato
Tamora. My gracious Lord
Lord of my life, commaunder
Calme thee, and beare the faul
Th'effects of sorrow for his val
Whose losse hath pearst him d
And rather comfort his distress
Then prosecute the meanest or
For these contempts: Why th
Hie witted *Tamora* to glose w
But *Titus* I haue touched thee
Thy life-blood out: if *Aron* no
Then is all safe, the Anchor's

Enter Cl

How now good fellow would
Clowne. Yea forsooth, and y

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